

ALLIES INFLICT HEAVY LOSSES ON GERMANS

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

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16 PAGES

One Halfpenny.

DEVON HEROES TO WHOM 70 MEN OF THE FORMIDABLE
OWE THEIR LIVES: TWO BOYS WHO "DID THEIR BIT."

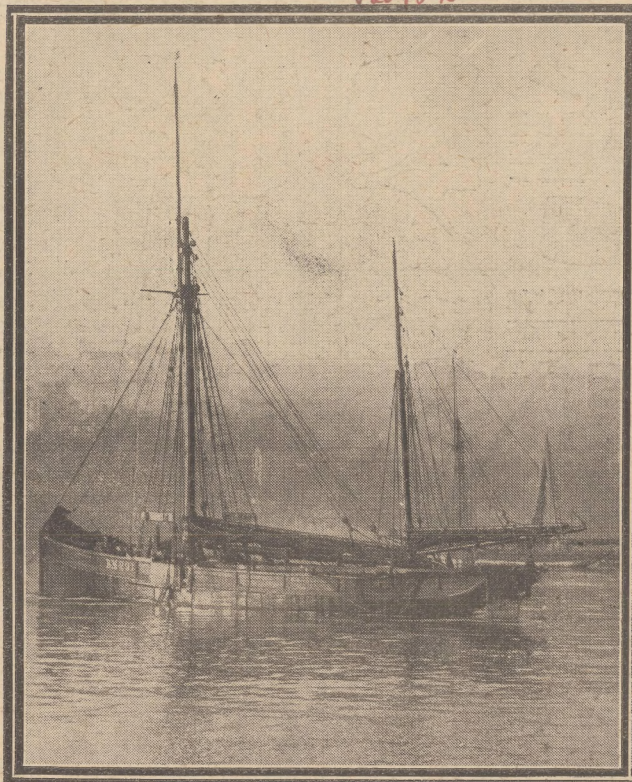
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Dan Taylor, the young cook.



The little 50-ton Providence lying in harbour.



L. Pillar, the little cabin boy.



Captain William Pillar, the heroic captain of the Providence, is in the centre, with W. Carter and John Clark, two members of his crew.

Captain Pillar, of the Brixham trawler Providence, who rescued seventy men of the battleship Formidable, has maintained the glorious traditions of his Devon sires. With his little crew, whose portraits appear on this page, he achieved a wonderful piece of work. Seventy lives depended on him. A mistake meant death to them, but the captain showed superb seamanship, and at the fourth attempt managed, despite terrific

seas, to take the men off their cutter and bring them to port. And Captain Pillar has a son who proved himself "a chip of the old block." With Dan Taylor, the Providence's youthful cook, this boy, who is only eleven, helped to brew hot coffee and prepare food for the ice-cold, half-drowned bluejackets. In this way the two lads saved many lives, the shore doctor told them.

GREAT WINTER SALE

NOW IN PROGRESS

You can buy thoroughly dependable goods in every department now at much less than half price. It's an opportunity in a thousand.

REMNANTS on THURSDAYS at Half Marked Prices.

A quantity of real Scotch Green
Navy Nightdresses, with
turn-down collar or square neck.
Usual price 8/11. **Sale Price, post free 5/-**

Ladies' very smart Art Silk Ankle
Hose, Black and a few evening
shades. Usual price 1/6. **Sale Price 10/3d.**

Gents' Cotton Tunic Shirts,
soft cuffs, good quality.
All sizes. White ground, coloured stripes.
Usual price 3/6. **Sale Price 1/6**

Ladies' Gauntlet Suede Fabric
Gloves, in White, Cream, Pastel
tint, and a few Brown and Greys.
Usual price 1/6d per pair. **Sale Price, post free 1/-**

29 Tapestry Table Covers,
Size 2 yards square, in Red and
Green only. Usual price 1/14. **Sale Price 2/11**

Toilet Sets, 5 pieces, in pretty
floral designs with gilt edge.
Usual price 9/11. **Sale Price 7/6**

Chosen Quilted Rugs, 3 and 4
yards. Skin, lock and silk linings.
Marvelous Value. **Sale Price 10/-**

Special Quality Quilted Satin Slippers, sizes 3 to 7 in.
Black, Navy, Royal, Pale Blue, Pink, Purple, Brown.
Usual price 3/11. **Sale Price 1/6**

Ladies' Art Silk Ankle
Hose, Black and a few evening
shades. Usual price 1/6. **Sale Price 10/3d.**

Ladies' or Gents' All-wool
Sports Caps, leather mix-
tures in Green and Brown.
Comfortable wear.
Usual price 4/11. **Sale Price 1/-**

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THOMPSONS LTD.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

Stagg & Mantle LTD.

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Post
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Bargains
in all
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ments.

V5935—Exceptional Value in Knitted Wool Sports Coat. White Grounds with Coloured Stripes. Grey, Brown, Saxe, Roseda, Purple, Royal, also Brown & Royal, Black and Saxe, Black and Cerise, Cerise and Emerald, Purple and Saxe. **Sale Price 6/11**

Usual price 10/11. Post 4d.

SERGE SUIT 29/11

Remarkable Tailor-made Suits in the quality all-wool Coasting Serge. Shaped in the new style with deep belt and semi-pleated Basque. Model or turned-down Collar in Navy or Black, half-lined Polonaise. **Sale Price 29/11**

Usual price 60s.

REAL PONY SKIN 59/11

Real Pony Skin Coat, lined through Satin, made from reliable hard-wearing skins. Special Price **59/11**

Usual price 41 gns. Also with Skunk Collar. **Sale Price 75/9**

Rich quality Jap Silk Blouse, cross-over style, front fastening, with a Vest and Collar of the Ivory Pin Spot Net. The Blouse can be worn with or without the Net Collar and Vest. Ivory, Navy, Saxe, Grey, Black. All with Ivory **5/6**

Also All Black, with Collar and Chemise of the Black Spot Silk Net. O.S. L. line 16 extra. **Sale Price 6/6**

LEICESTER SQ. LONDON W.



The NEW WADDDED Long-sleeved CAMPAIGN COAT

With arms benumbed and bodies chilled our men are learning from bitter experience that the only real and satisfactory protection from the biting swirl of sleet and snow, from the stinging cold and appalling wetness, is the Wadded Service Coat.

This intensely practical garment is proving a priceless boon to our men exposed to every pneumatic trouble which the rigours of the Winter Campaign are bringing.

The Wadded Service Coat

has long sleeves which button closely round the wrist. It is worn under the Tunic, and is made with wide overlapping fronts, and will fit any ordinary-size man. It is made with two kinds of covering—Grey Service Cloth or "Drab Colour hand-made Silk." It is light in weight and absolutely impervious to cold or damp. **14/-**

In this great world-convulsing war there are shelters from shells and bullets, but no shelter from cold; whether a man be in the Flemish trenches, or on the bleak North Sea; whether he be on the march, or sentry-go, on outpost duty, or on bivouac; whether he be an aviator or a dispatch rider it is imperative and of the utmost importance that the vital organs should be protected from cold and dampness.

This Coat is well cut and finished throughout. Now on show in windows and Silk Department.

DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON HIGH STREET LONDON W

WELLWORTH MANUFACTURING FUR CO., 149, Cheapside, London

(Lift in Attendance.) FIRST FLOOR SHOWROOMS. (Close to St. Paul's Churchyard, our only address.)

Great FUR SALE

The Entire Stock of Made-up Fur Garments to be cleared at unprecedented reductions. Send now for Fur Sale Catalogue and secure a bargain.

Typical Examples of Our Drastic Reductions—

Leopard Coney Fur Coat with large Black Fox Collar. Usual price 14 gns. **Sale Price 7 gns.**
Finest quality Seal Coney Coat. Usual price 18 gns. **Sale Price £11**
Natural Kit Fox Fur Stole and Muff. Exquisite skins. Usual price 8 gns. the set. **Sale Price 6 gns.**
Grey Squirrel Stranded Bear and Muff. Rich dark skins. Usual price 7 gns. the set. **Sale Price 5 gns.**
Natural Skunk Fur Stole and Muff. Usual price 16 gns. the set. **Sale Price £12**

Skunk Opposum Fur Stole and Muff. Usual price 5 gns. the set. **Sale Price £3 18 9**
Real Seal Fitch Fur Stole and Muff. Finest skins. Usual price, £21 the set **Sale Price 12 gns.**
Natural Russian Fitch Fur Stole and Muff. magnificent skins. Usual price 10 gns. the set. **Sale Price 7 gns.**
Handsome Real Stone Marten Fur Stole and Muff. Usual price £31 the set. **Sale Price £21**
Real Ermine Neckties. Usual prices 84/-, 60/-, 59/6, 29/6. **Sale prices 63/-, 41/-, 29/4, 22/2**

W40.—Handsome Natural Grey Squirrel Stranded Bear and Muff. Rich dark skins, large Muff, picked white skins, fur both sides. Usual price 6 gns. **Sale Price 84/-**
M 35.—Pretty Black Velvet Hat, trimmed with bow. Usual price 2/11. **Sale Price 3/-**

W 278.—Black soft alloy Fur Set, closely resembling Fox. Usual price 21/- (the Set) **Sale Price 15/9**
W 172.—Extreme value Seal Coney Fur Stole and Muff. both lined Fur. Seal 72in. long. Muff 18in. wide. Usual price 29/6 the set. **Sale Price 22/2**
O 2020.—Delightful Seal Coney Fur Coat, with magnificent Black Wolf Fur Collar. Usual price 5 gns. **Sale Price 5 gns.**
O 2050.—Marvelous value Natural Musquash Coat, with reversed fur 38in. long. Usual price 8 gns. **Sale Price 94/6**

Send at once for Fur Sale Album free.

W1098.—Handsome Brown Bear Stole and Muff, good hard-wearing skins. Usual price 84/-, 105/- the set. **Sale Price (the Set) 50/-**

M 3025.—Smart Black Fur Hat, in soft, silky fur. Usual price 5/11. **Sale Price 2/3**

M 3025.—Smart Black Fur Hat, in soft, silky fur. Usual price 5/11. **Sale Price 2/3**

W6880.—Wonderful value in Natural Fox Fur Set, latest shape Necklet and open Muff. Usual price 70/- the set. **Sale Price £22/-**

WELLWORTH MANUFACTURING FUR CO., 149, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON

HONOURED JUST BEFORE DEATH: MR. ILLINGWORTH'S FATAL ILLNESS.

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P. 1259 D



Mr. Percy Illingworth, chief Government Whip, who had been suffering from typhoid fever, died in London yesterday. It was only on Friday last that the world learnt that he had been made a Privy Councillor, his name being included in the New Year



Honours list. His promotion to Cabinet rank at an early date was assured, and his death will cause widespread regret. In one of the pictures he is seen with his wife and children.—(Lafayette and C.N.)

SMALL PLACE WHICH IS HELPING TO MAKE HISTORY.

P. 914 F



A great deal has been heard of Soissons recently, the name having figured largely in the reports of the fighting. It is only a small place, and thus how it looks from a German air scout's machine.

THE FLOODS.

P. 914 F



Father's big boots came in useful at Datchet, one of many places now flooded.

NEW EARL.

P. 914 F



Lord Newport, who becomes Earl of Bradford. His father died on Saturday.

BRITAIN'S DAY OF PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Crowded Services of Remembrance for Heroic Dead.

VICTORY FOR OUR CAUSE.

It was a notable day in the religious life of England yesterday, when the whole nation united in prayer for the success of the British arms.

Wet and bleak as the day was there were overflowing congregations in hundreds of our principal places of worship.

All classes were represented in those congregations, from the King's Emperor down to his humblest subjects. Thousands who had not attended a place of worship for months, and in many cases years, helped to swell the number of regular worshippers.

Old men and white-haired women whose children and grandchildren are in the fighting services toiled bravely through the mud and slush of our towns and villages to ask in sacred houses the Divine blessing on our cause.

The services were of a most impressive character, the solemn grandeur of cathedral music, the sacred teachings of the pulpit and the simple, extemporaneous prayers at little village chapels—all forming men's thoughts to the brave lads who, in cold and rain and fog, are facing death hourly that we at home may live in freedom.

One of the features of the services was the large number of worshippers in military and naval uniform.

THE KING'S SUGGESTION.

It was at the King's suggestion that the beginning of the year was fixed on as a fitting time for an "intercession day of thanksgiving and remembrance" for those who have fallen in their country's cause.

Anglicans, Roman Catholics, Nonconformists, Jews and members of the Greek Church all united yesterday in their different places of worship in one great psalm of praise and prayer.

For yesterday's Church of England service a special form was issued under the authority of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York.

The distinctive note of the service may be gathered from the following, taken from the Form of Humble Prayer to Almighty God in the Present Time of War, which at most Anglican services took the place of the sermon:

"Coming humbly and thankfully to our faithful God and merciful Father, we shall not seek for the things that are for our private advantage, but the things which will be for the advancement of His kingdom.

"We shall have no desire to see our enemies crushed merely for the sake of their humiliation. We shall wish for them, as for ourselves, that their eyes may be opened to know what is true; and we shall pray that the day may come, by the mercy of God, when we may learn to understand and respect one another, and may be united as friends to pursue the common good.

"To these great petitions for the future we shall add our requests for the supply of our immediate necessities; for the decisive and speedy victory of our cause; and to that end, for guidance and a right judgment to be given to our King, and to us in authority under him.

"Finally, we shall not fail to give thanks for those who have laid down their lives on our behalf; believing, as we do, that there has already been remitted to them the knowledge that their sacrifices will not be in vain."

APPEAL TO 30,000 CONGREGATIONS.

The collections at the services in nearly every place of worship were in aid of British Red Cross work.

In accordance with the terms of the recommendation signed unanimously by all the religious leaders of the country, the money will be devoted to the fund for the care of the sick and wounded, administered by the Joint War Committee representing the Order of St. John of Jerusalem and the British Red Cross Society. This appeal was made to something like 30,000 congregations in England and Wales alone.

At the present moment the cost of the British Red Cross work exceeds £10,000 weekly. Twenty-three thousand hospital beds in the United Kingdom and in France are provided.

This total includes 1,850 beds at the new Red Cross Hospital in London, the largest hospital of its kind ever organised, and to which His Majesty King George has graciously given his name. It will be called the King George Hospital.

Already over 15,000 cases of Red Cross stores have been dispatched from the warehouse at 83, Pall Mall, and 757,000 garments have been supplied to wounded soldiers.

DUTCH BAN ON EXPORT OF BREAD.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 2.—The export of live and dead poultry and of bread is prohibited from to-day. The prohibition regarding bread may be suspended temporarily.

The military authorities can permit the export of limited quantities destined to supply the daily needs of the population of foreign territory in the immediate vicinity of the frontier if the population there cannot obtain bread except under very difficult conditions.—Reuter.

ANOTHER REBEL LEADER CAUGHT.

PRETORIA, Jan. 2.—It is officially announced that Commandant Duplessis reports from Lobasi the capture in the Bechuanaland Protectorate of the rebel Commandant Jack Pienaar. The notorious Rooi Jan Duplessis had been with Pienaar, but doubled back from the railway to the Transvaal with six followers.—Reuter.

THAMES VALLEY 'OCEAN.'

Favourite Holiday Places Submerged as the Result of Floods.

PUNTING ALONG ROADS.

The Thames, so placid and smiling in the summer-time, is now a raging, boiling flood, and the waters are still rising.

December was one of the wettest months on record, and January has uttered in the new year in the same dripping mood. Saturday, during the hours of daylight, was delightful, it is true, but with the twilight came rain in drenching showers. And yesterday there was a further deluge.

Thames-side towns and villages are getting more than their share of the discomfort attendant on the watery spell of the weather.

Boats and punts are in common use over the roads instead of motors and horse-drawn vehicles.

Henley is a sea. The road on the town side is flooded and the regatta meadows and the cricket ground are "huge lakes."

The meadows under the town are all many feet under water, which runs in a clay-coloured stream. In most places it is difficult to distinguish the course of the river at all.

From Abingdon to Wargrave the riverside meadows are flooded to a depth of four or five feet. Lower down the Thames the story is the same. Tagg's Island at Molesey is under water; Hurst Park Racecourse is a lake.

At Hampton Court the Crown meadows and riverside lawns are under water. Windsor is flooded, as well as the meadows at Eton.

London and the south of England have had an unprecedented rainfall in December.

At the Camden-square Observatory the record was 6.34in. the highest for the month in the fifteen years that observations have been kept there by Mr. Hugh R. Mill. There were 116.9 hours of rainfall during December.

The wettest previous December was 1876, with 6.25in. of rainfall.

Only three months in the period have produced more rain: 6.7in. in June, 1878; 6.72in. in August, 1878; and 6.72in. in June, 1905.

Nearly all the important rivers of the country are over their banks.

There was a drop in the temperature during the rainfall yesterday afternoon, and the thermometer on the roof of *The Daily Mirror* Office at 3 p.m. stood at 47deg. Fahrenheit.

LONDON IN OLD CLOTHES.

Tailors' Customers Who Did Not Order New Suits Owing to the War.

The tailoring trade has for the most part suffered a rather severe blow from the war.

In the higher classes of work only about one-half the normal turnover has been secured, and in the middle-class trade the takings are 58 per cent. of what they were for the corresponding period of 1913.

Even more severe has been the blow suffered by the cheap shops, those dealing in such goods as thirty shilling suits. Most of their customers are now walking about in khaki.

"The making of uniforms for officers has kept a few of the high-class military tailors working at high pressure," said the editor of the *Tailor and Cutter to The Daily Mirror*, "but that is a small and very special department of the trade."

Artistic tailoring such as the making of dress coats has had a very bad time. People have not bought new garments, and, in addition, the evening dress of many of the best customers of this branch is a military uniform.

In the making up of ordinary uniforms work has been very heavy, but that is mostly factory work.

The fact that nearly 2,000,000 of young men are not wearing civilian clothing at all now has not altogether been the worst side of the crisis.

People who, in the ordinary way, would have been buying new clothes, have no doubt now. They are wearing out old garments, but there are now indications that matters will become more normal.

"People are going to buy new clothes for the spring."

BIGGER SILHOUETTES.

New Dress Fashions That Will Make Slim Women Look Stouter.

"JOHN GILPIN" COATS.

The slim woman will not look slim this year, but the new styles of dress will still be more becoming to her than to her stouter sister.

Width is the keynote of the newest gowns, coats and costumes, and one result is a new silhouette. Capes, tunics and the hem of the skirt are all wider.

There is one style of dress, however, with a bodice of the straight jacket type, which is only suitable for a slim woman, with no fullness of figure either.

Coats which might be described as "John Gilpin" coats—for they resemble the riding coat of John Gilpin seen in the illustrations of that worthy's career—are being shown in the West End of London. They have highwayman capes, and are to be obtained in all kinds of colours and cloths.

The principals of departments in the big shops are not having the rosiest of times at present.

Many of the capable men assistants have gone to the front, and their substitutes, being new to the different establishments, do not understand the temperaments of the regular customers so well.

"Many women like to be served always by the same man," the manager of a large store told *The Daily Mirror*.

"As every woman knows, a shop assistant has a great influence on the sales. If a woman goes to buy handkerchiefs she does not wish to be pressed to buy bed-room slippers, but a salesman who understands his customer can sell her something that she is interested in without annoyance."

CHIEF WHIP'S TRAGIC END

Death of Mr. Percy Illingworth Two Days After Being Made a Privy Councillor.

After a long and heroic struggle against the ravages of typhoid fever, Mr. Percy Illingworth, the Chief Government Whip, died at noon yesterday.

The death of this popular member of the Government at the early age of forty-five will come as a great shock to the political world, and to the Prime Minister, his chief, in particular.

It was only on Friday that the announcement was made in the New Year's Honours that Mr. Illingworth had become a Privy Councillor. He has passed away at a moment in his career when his early elevation to a seat in the Cabinet seemed absolutely assured.

Mr. Illingworth was a barrister, and was formerly well known in the football world as one of the Bradford half-backs.

At Cambridge he won distinction, not only as a Cobden Club silver medalist, but also as a member of the Varsity Rugby team and a noted oar. He served in the South African War as a trooper in the Yeomanry.

Entering Parliament in 1906 as member for Shipley, he soon won the golden opinions of his party leaders.

A hard-headed Yorkshireman, tall, grave and tactful, he made an excellent Chief Whip, a post to which he was appointed in 1912 after serving for a considerable time as private secretary to Mr. Birrell and as a junior Whip.

Mr. Illingworth was married in 1907 to Miss May Coates, a descendant of the great Paisley thread family. He leaves a widow and three sons.

His death creates a vacancy in the Shipley Division of Yorkshire.

PLEA FOR CLEMENCY FOR DE WET.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 2.—It is reported that the Presidents of the South African Association and the General Dutch Union have sent telegrams to General Botha requesting magnanimous treatment for De Wet and his associates.—Reuter.



Chinese boy cadets marching through the streets celebrating the victory of Teingtau. They are glad to see the Germans beaten.

CABIN BOY HERO OF WARSHIP RESCUES.

"Little Dan," Who Saved Many Lives by Brewing Coffee.

FORMIDABLE SURVIVORS

The idol of Brixham (Devon) just now is "Little Dan." He is just a boy and very modest, but he has played a hero's part in the great war.

"Little Dan" is the cabin boy of the dandy rigged fifty-ton Brixham trawler Providence. This little ship justified its name on Friday last, when in a hurricane it happened to come across a British battleship going down—the formidable—and rescued seventy of the crew.

As the ice-cold, half-drowned British blue-jackets were dragged on board "Little Dan" did his little bit nobly. The men were cold and starving, and he gave them hot coffee and food.

How many lots of hot coffee he brewed he cannot remember, but when the men were carried ashore the doctors said that "Little Dan" with his hot coffee, had saved many lives.

The story is told by Mr. William Pillar, the captain of the trawler. He himself is only thirty, and his crew are mostly young fellows.

THROUGH THIRTY FEET WAVES.

Captain Pillar was making for port as hard as he could go when he sighted a naval cutter from the formidable tussle about like a piece of wreckage on the waves. There were seventy men, many of them half dead, aboard her.

He turned about at once and, setting the storm jib, made for the cutter in the very teeth of the gale.

It was three hours before the Providence could throw a rope aboard the cutter. Very slowly and at infinite risk the sailors were transferred one by one to the trawler.

All the men were safely got aboard and then began Captain Pillar's great task—to weather his craft, through waves that were running 30ft. high and a screaming wind, into Brixham.

He knew the weak and strong points of the good ship Providence and took risks that no other skipper would have done had he been unused to the vessel.

After eight or nine hours' fight with the sea the Providence reached Brixham and all the men were got ashore safely.

TWENTY-TWO HOURS IN OPEN BOAT

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LYME REGIS, Jan. 3.—It was after spending twenty-two hours at sea in a small naval cutter amid a terrific storm which threatened to deluge the boat at any moment that forty men of the sunken battleship *Formidable* were brought ashore here.

The boat with her human freight arrived under romantic circumstances.

At midnight (Friday) two policemen were walking along the sea front at Lyme Regis. The town had long been asleep.

Suddenly there came a cry from the sea. For some considerable time the coastmen discovered the source of the sound. The wind blew the cries for help first in one direction and then in another.

Then at last the two policemen came upon the *Formidable's* cutter on the beach. In the cutter were forty huddled men. Nine were dead, having succumbed to exhaustion.

No writer of sea stories has ever imagined such a terrible experience as the men in the cutter had gone through. Amid mountainous seas and the shrieking of the gale, they plying at the oars as best they could, to the tune of "Pull, boys, pull."

SLEEP MEANT DEATH.

To fall asleep meant certain death, and twelve men died of cold and exposure in this way and were "buried" at sea.

Dressed for the most part in scanty night clothes, the men were in the second cutter to leave the battleship. Owing to the gale the rudder was soon broken adrift, and the coxswain had to steer the boat with an oar.

The boat began to fill with water, and the men baled it out with their sea boots.

At five o'clock in the morning a liner was sighted two miles away. The men shouted at the top of their voices, and the five "Lime Regis" blankets, but the look-out man on the liner did not see them and the vessel disappeared.

Shortly after this the coxswain and several other men were found to be dead. Their bodies were reverently dropped overboard and the survivors said a short prayer.

Shortly afterwards land was sighted, and the men pulled heroically towards the shore.

201 SURVIVORS.

The Secretary of the Admiralty issued during the week-end a further list of survivors of H.M.S. *Formidable*.

This list, including two officers and 119 petty officers, warrant officers and men, makes, with the previous list of fourteen officers and sixty-six men, a total of sixteen officers and 185 men known to have been saved.

The two officers included in the latest list are Mr. Daniel Horrigan, gunner, R.N., and Mr. George Taylor, boatswain, R.N.

The list of men includes five marines and twenty-one of the stokehold crew.

An inquest on the nine victims of H.M.S. *Formidable* who were brought into Lyme Regis was held there on Saturday afternoon, the jury returning a verdict that they died from exposure at sea in consequence of an accident having occurred to their ship.

SIXTH MONTH OF WAR BEGINS WITH GERMANS CHECKED EAST AND WEST

The German War Machine Clogged with Joffe's "Spoke in Wheel."

MORE TRENCHES SEIZED IN THE VOSGES.

Squadron of Cruisers Reported To Have Made Heavy Bombardment of Zeebrugge.

HUNS MINE BELGIAN ROADS FOR RETREAT?

To-day sees the beginning of the sixth month of the war.

Whatever the German plans may have been in August, it is certain that they did not include defensive warfare in Belgium for the sixth month.

The Kaiser's men talked gaily of Paris; later they babbled of Calais and Warsaw, and a bombardment of London and Portsmouth was a trifle to be thrown in between.

But these are the plans that failed.

Looking very brave and wonderful on paper, these schemes had one important omission—the Allies.

It is the Allies who are now making the running.

Though "slight progress" is the oft reiterated phrase of the official reports, the advance of the Allies is very real and powerful, and it continues.

The sixth month finds the Germans checked both in the east and the west and with the definite forward movement of the Allies menacing their every plan.

"Look after the yards and the miles will take care of themselves" might almost be said to be the Joffre maxim.

HUNS LOSE MORE GROUND AND MANY MEN.

Captured Ground Maintained by Allies in Alsace—Train Bombed.

PARIS, Jan. 3.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

In the course of yesterday we maintained to the north of the Lys all the positions won during the past few days.

The enemy displayed activity only in the Zonnebeke district, where they carried out a bombardment of some violent parades.

From the Lys to Arras almost complete calm prevailed.

There was an artillery engagement in the Albert and Roye district.

Our infantry made 500 yards' progress near La Boisselle, from the Oise to the Meuse.

On the Touvent Plateau our heavy artillery demolished various works from which the enemy was harassing our working parties.

There were also artillery engagements to the west and east of Craonne. Near Perthes-les-Hurlus we made 300 yards' progress.

GERMANS' HEAVY LOSSES.

Near Bausageour there were infantry engagements, in which we inflicted heavy losses on the enemy. The Germans delivered two unsuccessful attacks in the Bois de la Grurie.

All along this part of the front the artillery showed great activity on both sides.

In the Verdun district and on the heights of the Meuse there were artillery engagements.

We again gained a little ground in the Bouchel Wood to the north-east of Troyon and in the La Pretre Wood to the north-west of Pont-a-Mousson.

In the Vosges we occupied one of the enemy's trenches near Celles-sur-Plains. There were artillery engagements in the Ban de Sapt and in the Valley of the Fave.

We bombarded a German train in the railway station at Altkirch and did some destruction on the railway line between Darspach and Dierspach, to the south-west of Altkirch.

Speaking generally, the appreciable relaxation noticeable in our offensive activity must be attributed to the incessant rains—Reuter.

[Celles-sur-Plains is a village of 1,500 inhabitants sixteen miles north of St. Die, in the Vosges.]

PARIS, Jan. 3.—The following official statement was issued this evening:—

According to the latest news, no modification in the situation is reported. The weather continues to be very bad over almost the entire front.—Central News.

THE GERMAN VERSION.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 3.—To-day's official communiqué from the German General Headquarters is as follows:—

Some British ships, accompanied by torpedo

boats, appeared near Westende yesterday without firing.

On the entire front artillery engagements took place. The enemy's infantry undertook an attack north-east of Saint Meneschild, but it was repulsed with heavy losses for the French.—Central News.

CRUISERS' HEAVY FIRE.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 2.—The *Telegraaf's* Sluis correspondent states that at three o'clock this afternoon the cruisers of the Allies opened a heavy fire on Zeebrugge, the Germans replying.

After the bombardment had lasted three-quarters of an hour, a smaller vessel—probably a monitor—appeared and quick-firing and rifle fire was to be heard for another three-quarters of an hour.—Exchange Special.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 2.—I learn from Oostburg that heavy gunfire was audible to-day from a south-westerly direction.—Central News.

THE REVENGEFUL HUN.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 2.—It is learnt from Sluis that fresh reserve troops are continually being sent to Belgium.

The soldiers declare that if things come to the worst they will retreat, but they will at the same time take care that Belgium is devastated from end to end.

That this is by no means an empty threat is proved by the fact that the road from Oosterselle to Ghent has been entirely mined every fifty yards with tanks of explosives, with which it is intended to blow up the road so as to hamper the transport of the enemy's artillery.

From Bruges it is reported that every precaution has been taken to hinder reconnaissances by hostile airmen.

Seven machine guns have been placed on the watch-tower and other high buildings.

The number of Zeppelin sheds and aviation hangars is continually being increased.

The airship which was at Eiterbeek has been removed to St. Agathe, where a new shed of reinforced concrete is being built, and several seaplanes have also been removed there.

All these measures are due to the recent raids of the airmen of the Allies.—Reuter's Special.

SCHEME FOR 'CUTTING OFF BRITAIN'S LIFE BLOOD.'

German Idea of "Going One Better" by Using Submarines Against Merchant Ships.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 2.—Captain von Persius, the naval writer, discussing in to-day's *Berliner Tageblatt* Admiral von Tirpitz's statement to an American correspondent foreshadowing the employment of submarines as commerce destroyers, says:—

"Considering that Great Britain employs every means to starve us out, even the humankind will to-day approve of the war being conducted on the principle of *à corsaire*, corsaire et dent (i.e., going one better).

"Just as the British Government declared the North Sea to be a military area without any scruples regarding international right, so shall the answer of the German Government be that all British coast waters and entrances to harbours shall be considered a military area.

Merchant ships entering such an area do so at their own risk.

"In all probability the putting into execution of Admiral von Tirpitz's idea would play an important part in cutting off Great Britain's life blood.

"Everyone will rejoice if his idea is soon translated into action."—Reuter.

"SUN SHINES NO LONGER."

VIENNA, Jan. 2.—Whilst still professing confidence in the ultimate victory of the Austro-Hungarian and German arms, the New Year's articles in the Vienna papers betray a certain amount of hesitancy and dejection.

The military organ, the *Reichspost*, speaks of "victory we hope to gain." It says:—

"The war is a terrible and severe fight against overwhelming forces of men and money, whose fleets and forts command the passages of the sea, international communications and traffic with many neutral States.

Die Zeit says:—

Nobody dares prophesy how long this enormous conflict will last, but the new year will cost Austria-Hungary still greater sacrifices of blood and treasure. It is to be hoped that the rewards of peace will compensate her for all the efforts of the war.

The *Arbeiter Zeitung* declares:—

When the war began the sun shone with glad assurances of speedy victory. Now the sun shines no longer. The landscape is dim and cloudy.

We all have experienced the bitterness of the great sacrifices required to gain the slightest step against the vast masses of the enemy. Meanwhile the mountain of losses rises higher and higher. We see mothers and sisters wandering through the streets in mourning.

The police have forbidden all dancing in public places during the carnival season.—Reuter's Special.

CONJUROR AND BAND FOR PRISONERS OF WAR.

German Captives in Britain as Well Treated as Guards—Pay for Work Done.

"There is no apparent foundation for the German charge that aliens have been grossly maltreated. They have good food and quarters, and no undue restraint is practised anywhere."

This is the conclusion arrived at by a neutral, Mr. Phillip H. Patchin, a correspondent of the *New York World* in London, who on behalf of his paper has just made a tour of the war prisoners' concentration camps in this country.

"Considering the difficulty of the problem of suddenly having to care for 25,000 prisoners, the Government appears to have done very well," he says.

"The food furnished is ample and clean, and the health of the prisoners is excellent. There is constant medical attendance, and at the great camp at Frimley, with its 6,500 prisoners (3,000 of whom are soldiers), the men also have their own doctors, captured with them in the field.

"The proof of the effort of the British Government to treat the prisoners well is that, so far as food and accommodation are concerned, the prisoners are at least as well off as the British soldiers who guard them.

"Prisoners who have money are permitted to buy delicacies and any sort of food they want. There is a canteen in camp where additional supplies may be had at prices fixed by the commandants.

"Several hundred soldiers are taken out each day in working parties, felling wood and making roads. For this they get the same pay as a British soldier gets for similar work.

"Theatricals and concerts are quite common at the camps. At the Newbury Camp is the captured band of the Kronprinzessin Cecilie.

"The soldiers at Frimley have a band, which is permitted to play national airs. Among the prisoners there is Alexis, the famous conjuror. Another captive is one of Germany's most famous shadowgraph artists.

"There is a German actor who was touring in 'Polish and Perlmuter.' He played Potash and now he entertains the prisoners at Frimley."

THREE KINGS AND THE MENACE.

PARIS, Jan. 3.—The *Vetchernala Vremya*, quoted by the Petrograd correspondent of the *Temps*, learns from an authoritative source that in the course of the Malmo conference it was established that the neutrality of the Scandinavian countries was still menaced by Germany.

For this reason the three monarchs reciprocally bound themselves to take all the necessary measures to repel all violations of their territory.—Central News.

FOE HELD TIGHT IN RUSSIA'S CLAWS.

Complete Failure of All German Efforts to Break Through in Poland.

WARSAW NOT IN DANGER.

Despite fierce attacks daily, the Russians continue to hold the Germans in a vice-like grip in Poland.

Field-Marshal von Hindenburg can make no headway against the formidable Russian lines, and one report says that he has definitely given up the offensive.

The defeat of the Austrian armies is officially stated to have resulted in a rout, while another account states that the Austrian reverse in the Carpathians has been the most disastrous of the many they have suffered.

BATTLE OF FOUR RIVERS.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 3.—In the opinion of experts the "battle of the four rivers," as the series of engagements on the banks of the Buzza, Ravka, Pilizta and Nida Rivers are popularly known, may be considered ended.

Not only have the Germans and Austrians failed to advance on the Russian line—roughly from the Vistula to Warsaw, Kielec and Pinczoff—but everywhere they have been repulsed with heavy losses.

It is true that attacks continue, but they may be construed as an effort to gain time pending new operations.—Reuter's Special.

TRENCHES WON BACK.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 2.—The following communiqué from the Commander-in-Chief is issued here:—

On the Buzza and the Ravka we continue successfully to repulse the German attacks, in spite of the enemy's heavy artillery fire.

On the Wyszowaz-Kielec road on December 31 the Germans captured some of our trenches near the village of Lopuzno, after a stubborn fight, but a counter attack against their rear obliged the enemy to abandon all the occupied works.

In this affair we took several hundred prisoners and mine machine guns.

Fighting continues near Gorlice, in Galicia. Near the Uzkol Pass we have captured the Austrian positions and taken about 100 prisoners.

The retreat of the Austrians in Bukovina under the pressure of our troops is assuming the character of a rout.

AEROPLANE SHOT DOWN.

In the course of the last fortnight the army of General Iadko Dimitrieff has captured 311 officers, 22,369 men, seven guns and forty-five quickfitters.

On January 1, near Vyshegrad, on the Vistula, our rifle fire brought down a German aeroplane. The airman and an officer observer were taken prisoners.—Reuter.

OUR FLEET PRAISED.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 2.—The latest reliable information estimates the number of German troops operating against Russia between the Mazurian Lakes and the Pilica at about twenty-seven army corps.

The fact that the present German advance into Russia, and especially into Poland, has resulted in the capture by the Russians of about 400,000 German and Austrian prisoners. The enemy has suffered three or four times heavier losses in killed and wounded.

At the same time the Austro-Hungarian forces have been crushed without having succeeded in repulsing the Russians at Cracow, while not only has the Buzza not been crossed, but the Russian troops are even on the left bank of the river.

There is no danger whatever in regard to Warsaw, and in the event of the German troops being compelled to retreat they will now find it a much more difficult problem to do so than they did last October.

The Russian papers are full of praise for the British Fleet, which it is acknowledged has rendered the general situation still more favorable.

UNITY OF THE ALLIES.

To-morrow an article will be published in the official Government *Gazette* emphasising the harmonious military co-operation of the Allies on the western and eastern fronts.

The article points out that the successes of the Allies on the Yser or on the Argonne are as precious to the Russians as their own gallant deeds in Poland or East Prussia.—Exchange.

AUSTRIANS STORM HEIGHT.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 3.—The following official telegram of to-day's date has been received here from Vienna.

The expected attempts of the enemy to break our front west and north-west of Gorlice were unsuccessful and he suffered heavy losses.

During this fighting, which lasted the whole day, our troops stormed and captured a height south of Gorlice.

We annihilated a battalion and captured an officer of the General Staff, four subalterns, ten men and two guns.

An enemy aeroplane was shot down.



Group showing some of the survivors of the Formidable, who were saved by the trawler Providence.



MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S WINTER SALE

means, as always, distinctive articles of reliable quality at bargain prices. There is a good reason for every genuine sale.

We have been producing up-to-date garments in every department and must clear the stock to keep our workers busy.

Our necessity is your opportunity.

THE SALE COMMENCES TO-DAY.

SPECIMEN BARGAINS

Note by comparison the great value offered here.

40 Blouses

In Muslin, Crepes and Silks, 5/- to clear. Usually 10/- to 25/6.

48 Coats and Skirts,

various coloured materials. 21/- to clear. Usually 5 1/2 to 6 1/2 guineas.

50 Blouses

In Ninon, Lace and Silk. 10/- to clear. Usually 21/- to 42/-.

200 Sports Coats,

all Wool, Plain and Fancy. 10/6 to clear. Usually 15/6 to 29/6.

50 Travelling Coats.

Various tweeds and serges. 21/- to clear. Usually 39/6 to 59/6.

76 Coats and Skirts,

in a variety of colours, including galvantine, silk moire, and coating serges. 58/6 to clear. Usually 5 1/2 to 9 1/2 guineas.

50 Model Blouses,

including several Paris models. 20/- to clear. Usually 35/- to 5 guineas.

40 Coats and Skirts,

in black and coloured. 38/6 to clear. Usually 4 1/2 to 8 1/2 guineas.

N.B. These are but eight from the hundreds of desirable articles in all departments.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

LIMITED

The First Gentle-House of Europe.

VERE ST. & OXFORD ST.
LONDON

WRITE
for
BOOKLET
of

"Marshall-grade"
BARGAINS.

Pontings GREAT WINTER SALE

TO-DAY AND THROUGHOUT THE MONTH

Every department is full of Bargains that appeal irresistibly to the general desire for discriminating economy. You can hardly begin 1915 better than by saving money at the Ponting Sale.



BLOUSE DEPARTMENT

182 Smart Shirts in good quality Radium Silk of Oriental design and colours.

Sizes 13 1/2 to 14 1/2.

Sale Price **6/11**

RICH CHENE RIBBONS.

Light and dark grounds, in four different designs. 6 inches wide. Usually 1/6 yard.

Sale Price **6 1/2 d.**

7 1/2 wide Sale Price **1/-**



SALE OF FABRICS.

1,740 Yards Printed Voiles, best quality, in various colours and patterns. 27 ins. wide.

Sale Price

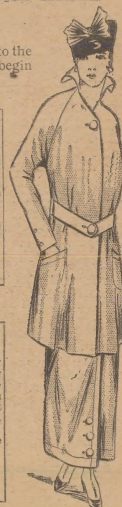
9 3/4 d.

SILK DEPARTMENT.

Best quality Corduroy Velveteens, in Black and most colours. 22 ins. wide.

Sale Price

1/6 3/4



A - Practical Coat for a Guinea.

Thoroughly well made in Blanket Cloth, cut full, with detachable Belt and High Collar. In Navy, Brown, Navy, Grey, Purple, Wine, Tan, and Black. Original price 6/11.

Sale Price **21/-**

The vogue of the moment for young girls to show their patriotism. The "Jack Tar" Suit, in good quality Navy Coating Serge, smartly trimmed Collar and Nautical Knot. Sizes... 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36. Usual Price 17/- 18/- 17/- 18/- 18/- 20/- 21/-

Sale Prices: **8/6, 9/6, 10/6, 11/6, 12/6, 13/6, 14/6.**

Regulation "Sailor Caps, in Navy. Sale Price **2/6**

Quote size round head when ordering.

Perfectly tailored Costume, in knobby fringe. Coat lined silk. Has new high collar and loose belt. Can be worn opened or closed. Skirt with lap seam in centre, front trimmed three large buttons at foot. Three shades Brown, Light and Dark Grey, Mole, Purple, Saxe, Dark Green. Also in Covers. Sale Price **29/6**

PONTINGS, THE HOUSE FOR VALUE. KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.

HALF PRICE REMNANT DAY TO-MORROW at 9 a.m.

Example of Purchase:

A remnant of Dress Material is marked 10/6. You Halve the Price and Pay 5/3

This method applies to Oddments in all Departments.

ACTUALLY AND REALLY HALF PRICE.

BARKERS

KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, W.

John Barker and Company, Ltd.

The Mecca of the Thrifty.

WALLIS Winter Sale

Begins TO-DAY.

No fewer than 6 Important Stocks—Furs, Hosiery, Boots, Costumes and French Furniture—as well as all surplus stock, will be offered. As these stocks were bought at discounts off cost ranging from 50 to 75 per cent. we are able to offer altogether phenomenal bargains.

Thos. Wallis & Co., Ltd., Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

P.H.

Write for the Sale Catalogue.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JANUARY 4, 1915.

A BEGINNING.

PEOPLE OFTEN ask why it is that New Years begin so badly.

Other people answer: "Because inevitably the New Year is a time for paying up. There's the income tax. There are Christmas bills. There's rent. There is insurance. Naturally the average man has his hopes dashed."

These people look at it from the economic point of view. They are householders.

Others assert: "How can you expect great happiness in January? Nature is at her dearest. It is 'the lonely season in lonely lands.' Somewhere, very deep down, things are changing, no doubt; but we who do not see deep, do not see these things. We see only the dead-coloured surface—

Thin is the leaf, and chill the wintry smell, And chill the solemn earth, a fatal mother—and this vision of the fields depresses us."

These people look at it from the climatic point of view. They are meteorologists.

Yet others improve upon these and say:

"Why New Years begin badly? Because we insist upon celebrating them. At this time, we sum up things, and boast a little. We get into a way of congratulating ourselves aloud. We point out that we've not done so badly, and are bound in all respects to do much better, simply because a New Year always brings better things. According to this theory misfortunes ought only to happen in the autumn as the year grows old. . . . On the contrary, they seem more frequently to come early. That is because the jealous gods overhear our self-congratulations, our summaries. The Greeks believed 'twas unwise to talk too loudly of such things. Such talk produced Hubris. And Hubris was a disease the gods always punished in due time. . . . New Years, then, begin badly because we all want them to begin well and talk too much about it."

These people look at it from the transcendental point of view. They are mystics.

And lastly there are uninteresting people who reply: "Begin badly? They don't. It's only your fancy."

These people have nobody at the war and are possibly well off. Or they may be believers in Chance.

Nobody knows exactly which is the true explanation. But it is well not to worry about bad beginnings and New Years. It is good not to determine that a merely conventional sign, a number, shall make the smallest difference to our tempers. Friday New Year's Day? Call it Saturday instead. We make these months, days, and entirely arbitrary divisions ourselves. Fate has nothing to do with them, being concerned probably with other and graver business. Let us not be depressed by days and dates, since Fate is not.

—But who can avoid being a little superstitious occasionally?

If you must, then, you must.

But at least remember that if years sometimes begin badly, the presumption is that they must go on better, and end well. So shall it be with 1915. Better and better shall it go, till the days lengthen and the light appears. A year not of superstition, but of hard struggle towards light. We must "get the worst over" at the beginning.

W. M.

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 2½d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

I seek no thorns, and I catch the small joys. If the door is low I stoop down. If I can remove the stone out of my way I do so. If it be too heavy, I go round it. And thus every day I find something which gladdens me.—Goethe.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

THE RUSH FOR A SERVANT.

A GENERAL servant advertised. She had by way of answer six telegrams and seventy-eight letters. I was lucky enough to secure her. This means that eighty-three women, probably most of them in urgent need and many of them invalids, went without.

And yet some people object to Belgians going out as servants, and money is asked for 40,000 women out of employment. H. H.

THE SOCIAL "SUPERIORITY."

I HEARTILY agree with "M. L.'s" remarks in response to the shorthand typist who affirms that a domestic servant is "inferior" to a typist.

It is indeed a pity that such obvious "superiority" should be wasted in a dingy office.

from any of the Prussians. The Bavarians have always been nice people, and, though war has made them our enemies, it need not make us hate them. Many times in the past they have shown that they dislike the Prussians almost as much as we do.

A TRAVELLER IN SOUTH GERMANY.

THE KHAKI CAP.

HATS and caps have from the earliest days been always lined with some waterproof material with the object, of course, of saving the head-gear from perspiration stains. This idea is good from the point of economy, no doubt, but exceedingly bad from the point of hygiene and comfort, for the perspiration instead of evaporating through the head-gear is more or less poured down the face and neck of the unhappy wearer. The khaki cap of our soldiers is

BIG AND LITTLE WILLIE AS MODERN JOSHUAS.



The walls of Jericho fell at the sound of Joshua's trumpet. Evidently Kaiser and Clown Prince think that modern walls are going to act just like that—because, advancing upon Warsaw, the German troops were ordered to shout "Give up Warsaw!" as though it were a question of megaphone orders. Warsaw remained as before. And so it has proved with all the other cities under which the Willies have blown their megaphones instead of trumpets.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

As one who has been a housemaid and now fills a comfortable position as secretary and corresponds in French and German, I would venture to ask if the shorthand typist alone mentioned would feel me "beneath" her socially.

I can only commend her to the study of Ruskin (if she has ever heard of that gentleman), and then, perhaps, she will not advertise the ignorance which is so manifest from her letter! C. F. R.

PRAYERS FOR AIRMEN.

I CANNOT speak as to other churches, but at the daily intercession service at Kensington Parish Church (St. Mary Abbot's) among the special prayers is always one for those in special danger—airmen and men in the submarines being definitely mentioned. K. G.

THE CHRISTMAS TRUCE.

PEOPLE AT HOME have indeed been amazed at stories of the Christmas truce in the trenches. But to gather that no suggestion of a truce came

lined with American cloth, and much discomfort and precious little economy is the result, khaki being not very liable to show perspiration stains.

In times of strenuous marching and fighting dust and powder-smoke adhere to the wet face and eyes of the soldier, and not only cause him the greatest discomfort, but must greatly lessen his shooting powers by reason of his eyesight being interfered with. H. G. H.

SOOTHISAY.

Pierce thy heart to find the key; With thee take Only what none else would keep: Learn to dream when thou dost wake, Learn to wake when thou dost sleep. Learn to water joy with tears, Learn from tears to vanquish fears: To hope, for thou dar'st not despair; Exult, for thou dar'st not grieve; Plough the rock until it bear; Know, for thou else couldst not believe; Loos, that the lost thou may'st receive; Die, for none other way canst live.—FRANCIS THOMPSON.

BRITAIN AT WAR.

Some New Year Resolutions in a Time of Struggle.

"ALL HUMAN BEINGS."

I HAVE read with interest the controversy about the difference in position between the shorthand typist and the domestic servant.

As this is the beginning of a new year, would it not be splendid if people would make one of their New Year resolutions to look upon all other people as human beings, all liable to the same human illnesses, all subject to the same troubles? I am afraid many do not take this view of their fellow-creatures.

One great thing would be—and this the war should teach us—not to crush the joy out of life for others in order to look important—and of what small importance we are, except to those who love us, in the scheme of the thousands of years of the world's history.

The Kaiser has tried to prove his importance, and that, like the typist, he is a bit better than the general domestic, and that is why we have all this bloodshed and misery. E. L.

NO RUMOURISM.

LET US ALL make the good resolution not to spread silly and untrue reports in 1915. Many of the true things we shall have to face will be bad enough, no doubt. Let these be enough without the further difficulty of imagining things that are not true.

To all rumourists I would give this piece of New Year advice—"Don't spread reports of evil till you are perfectly certain they are true." F. C.

Mecklenburgh-square, W.C.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

I AM NOT sure whether it is best to be an optimist or pessimist at the beginning of a new year. The optimist hopes for the best and is disappointed when the worst comes, while the pessimist expects the worst and is not surprised if it comes, being especially delighted if the best happens to turn up.

On the whole the balance seems to be almost in favour of the pessimist. PROBLEM.

A GOOD IDEA.

IN A RECENT issue you refer to an invention during 1914 of a gun which shoots or posts bills.

Having regard to the impending heavy increase in taxation during 1915, will not someone invent a gun which pays them? P. G.

THE BELGIANS HELP.

IN ANSWER to "Ignorant but Ashamed," I would suggest he or she should do as I did when this New Year I made the good resolution to learn French.

Knowing some Belgians were living in a cottage at Stoke Poges, I wrote to the owner of the cottage, and asked if they would like a pupil. I named my own price. They were very willing, and I have now had

ten lessons. Through the kindness of others we have been able to get up a ladies' class at Farnham Common, Bucks. It is composed of twelve pupils, and others are anxious to join. We hope soon to have a class for men.

A class for boy scouts is held in Stoke Poges, Farnham Common, Bucks. D. S.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 3.—Where a lawn is to be made this spring the ground should be got ready during the next four weeks providing the weather is suitable.

Lawns can be formed by using turf or sowing seed. In each case the site must be dug over and made perfectly firm and level. Where good clean turf can be obtained a good lawn can be had almost at once, but it is a great mistake to use turf that is infested with wireworms. Turf can be laid down any time next month when conditions are favourable. Seed is best sown during showery weather in April. E. F. T.

LONDON TAKES "MISTRESS WILFUL" TO ITS HEART.

P. 12660

P. 12660



Margaret has a peep at Robin, her future husband.

After a longish absence from the London stage, Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson opened at the Strand Theatre on Saturday with "Mistress Wilful." It is just the kind of play that these popular favourites

P. 12660

have been giving for years, and curtain after curtain was called for. Mr. Terry is Robin Fairfellow and Mr. C. W. Somerset King Charles II.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

Margaret and Charles II.

"NEVER MIND THE WEATHER."

P. 12331



Londoners, with all the comforts of civilisation at hand, grumble at the weather, but the British soldier in the trenches, though caked in mud, is as happy and jolly as can be, just like these two in the picture.

HERO AT SEVENTEEN.

P. 11832



Private Albert Sworn, aged seventeen who has been awarded the Legion of Honour. He has been twice mentioned in dispatches.

HERO FOR HUSBAND.

P. 16552



Sergeant John Hogan, V.C., and his bride after their wedding at Oldham on Saturday. He has recovered from his wounds.

THEY SMILE THROUGH THEIR TEARS.

P. 644 P.



Waving farewell to soldiers who, after a few days' furlough at Christmas, are going back to the fighting line. The women are very brave. They laugh and joke with their husbands and sweethearts, though their hearts are often heavy.

VICE-VER

P. 10660



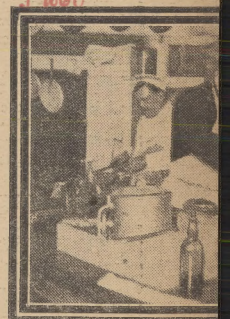
Accidents will happen. An accident broke.

P. 10660



A little girl was

P. 10660



The chef and his

Following a time-honoured worth Hydro, Matlock, cha They cooked an excellent d also acted as waiters.

VICEROY.

WAR-STAINED "TOMMIES" LISTEN TO FLUTE SOLO.



Mr. Eli Hudson gives a flute solo on the railway line.

Miss Gladys Cooper "toasts" a "Tommy."

The British concert party, under the direction of Mr. Seymour Hicks, which went to the front to entertain the soldiers, had no stage and no scenery. They just travelled up and down the lines, and whenever they

found a group of "Tommies" they gave them a song or a tune. They were, in fact, ready to play anywhere or at any time desired.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

NINETY TO-DAY.



Mrs. Billington, the famous actress, who will be ninety years old to-day. She made her first appearance in London in 1857.

MULE GOT ITS OWN WAY.



This mule, used for transport purposes by the Indians, found the road so bad that it decided it would go no further. Coaxing was of no avail, and it only condescended to move when the load was removed from its back.



The actors warm themselves.

CAIRO CHEERS THE NEW SULTAN.



Egypt's new Sultan, Hussein I., was vociferously cheered when he made his state drive through Cairo to the Abdin Palace. The route of the procession was lined by British and Egyptian troops, behind whom stood dense crowds of spectators.

NURSE ZENA DARE.



The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett (formerly Zena Dare, the actress) is now a Red Cross nurse at a Scottish hospital.

very beautiful woman.

from February 17, 1915.

at, has been appointed the Marquis of Aberfayette.)

Corringe's Winter Sale

Commences TO-DAY, Monday.

THE universal need for economy demands the exceptional values now offered. Moreover, our stock—all Corringe Grade Goods in full season's fashion—is larger than the normal and *must be cleared*. Hence the extraordinary bargains in every department including Lingerie and Household Linens, as we do not hold a "White Sale."

The bargains described are typical.



III—Fashionable SEAL CONEY SCARVES (2½ yds. long by 8 in. wide) made from sound reliable skins and lined good quality silk. Season's prices, 35/6 and 39/6. **Sale Price 27/6**

Large PILLOW MUFFS to match. Season's prices, 27/6 and 29/6. **Sale Price 21/-**

GLOVES.

Ladies' White WASHABLE DOESKIN SAXE, elastic at wrist. Usual price per pair 2/6. **Sale Price 1/8**

BOOTS.

Ladies' GLACE KID COURT and ONE BAR SHOES, pointed and medium shape toe. **Sale Price 4/11**

LINENS.

IRISH LINEN TEA CLOTHS, hemmed ready for use, 25 x 36 in. Usual price 8/6 per doz. **During Sale 6/11**

WOOLS.

KHAKI VICTORIA DOUBLE KNITTING WOOL, thick and soft, makes excellent Mittens, scarves, &c. The correct Government shade of Khaki. Also in Grey, Navy and Natural. **Sale Price per lb. 4/3**

BARGAINS IN THE UNDERCLOTHING DEPT.



VIVELLA NIGHTDRESSES in a variety of styles. Square necks; also with collars. The sketch is typical. Usual prices 14/9 to 21/6. **Sale Prices**

13/9 & 14/9



S.R. 221.—SATIN EVENING ROBES, with a deep bosque of ivory lace, veiled ninon to match the satin. The cut of this robe is excellent. The lines of the bodies, which is also of ninon over lace, being most becoming. In all colours. **Special Sale Price 25/9**

JEWELLERY.

9-ct. GOLD NECKCHAINS with handsome pendant, set Turquoise, Amethyst or Garnet. Nicely cased in solid leather case. Usual price 15/- **Sale Price 9/-**

USEFUL BARGAINS IN ELECTROPLATE.

Electroplated on nickel silver—TEA STRAINERS, TEA KNIVES or FORKS, Cut-glass SALT CELLARS with silver mounts, JAM SPOONS and BUTTERKNIVES. All one Sale **Price (each) 10½d.**

All Sale Bargains are our current stock. We do not buy job lines for sale purposes, so that all purchases from us during sale times are GENUINE CORRINGE GRADE GOODS AT BARGAIN PRICES.

VELVETEEN TEA GOWNS—Exceptional Values—in a large assortment of designs and colours. The gown sketched is in several colours and black, bodice lined silk with small roll collar of ivory ninon and edged killed frill. Sleeves to correspond. Usual price 43/6. **Sale Price 35/6**

Waring & Gillow 'One Day in January'

ON the day between the 4th and 30th of January on which our Cash Sales at our Oxford Street Galleries are largest, Waring & Gillow propose to hand over the total amount of each individual purchase up to £250 to the War Charities in the name of the Customer under the following conditions:—

THE Certificate of our Auditors, Messrs. Harris, Allan & Co., will be published on the 10th of February, and if you bought on the day of the highest takings and paid within seven days you will then be asked to designate the charities you wish to benefit and the amount spent will be sent in your name to the charities you select.

The above plan applies to all individual purchases in our Oxford Street Galleries from 1/- to £250. If you buy on the day of the highest sales more than the £250 worth of goods, £250 of it will be allocated as you wish, provided the amount is paid in cash at the time or within seven days from the date of purchase.

Thus we provide the opportunity for you to purchase goods of the Waring & Gillow style and quality at greatly reduced prices and at the same time enable you to benefit the War Charities.

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Which of the following Charities would you like to benefit:

PRINCE OF WALES' NATIONAL RELIEF FUND.
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NATIONAL FUND FOR WELSH TROOPS.
INDIAN SOLDIERS' FUND.
PRINCESS LOUISE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL FAMILIES OF OFFICERS' FUND.
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One Minute from VICTORIA
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Buckingham Palace Road
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Half a Century's
Reputation
for Value

THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.

"Love looks
not with
the eyes,
but with
the mind."

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head.

VALERIE CRAVEN, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike to look at, but not in temperament. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

JOHN HILLIER, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Anything underhand is abhorrent to him.

STANHOPE LANE, a "smart" man about town, whose sense of honour is very elastic.

SIR GEORGE CLAIR, a heavy, brutal type of man, with no aspirations of any kind.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cunliffe, in Sloane-street, is being pestered by Stanhope Lane, a relative of Mrs. Cunliffe.

They are seen by Mrs. Cunliffe, who is fully aware that it is not the girl's fault, but she is white with rage and jealousy.

I have no further use of your services, Miss Craven," she says, with tight-drawn lips.

Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to tell her sister Valerie, with which she goes. On the mantelpiece there is a photograph of a man with steadfast eyes and a calm, strong face.

It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been out in India making a home for her.

To Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid.

As she turns away she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them, she is surprised to see, is in Valerie's writing. As she reads she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie calmly writes to say that she was married that morning to Sir George Clair.

The other letter is from John Hillier. As she reads her heart sickens within her.

John Hillier has been blinded by a blasting operation, and his work-day is finished.

Sylvia sits there frozen with horror and pain. John Hillier blind and killed!

Then, as she sits there, temptation speeds swiftly winged into her heart. She is alone and practically destitute. John Hillier is alone and wants love. She could give it—she knows now that she can. She loves him. She and Valerie are alike, and their voices are very similar.

"If I come over to you, Jack," she cries, "you need never know."

Sylvia goes out to India, and passes herself off as Valerie.

Hillier believes her to be Valerie, and the deception is kept up. Sylvia alters the whole world for him, and he finds there is something to love after all. They are married very quietly.

The next thing Sylvia hears, to her horror, is that Valerie has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow.

Sylvia meets her, and after understanding that she never married Sir George Clair tells her exactly what has happened. A terrible expression comes into Valerie's eyes.

That night at dinner she tells Hillier that he is heir to a baronetcy and £20,000 a year. Sylvia at once guesses why her sister came out to India. Later Valerie is found dead in some old ruins, apparently killed by a fall.

The Hilliers leave India and arrive in England, where John Hillier, having taken up the title, they live at Greyskirk, the beautiful old family house. A day or two later Sylvia is startled to find that her husband has engaged his secretary Stanhope Lane. When he arrives he shows no recognition.

Dr. Marzoff, the famous oculist, sees Hillier and makes an operation tells Sylvia the dramatic news that if the bandages remain on for three weeks her husband's sight will be as good as over.

They return to Greyskirk together. One night, Hillier overhears Lane annoying his wife, and dismisses him. Something that Lane says before he goes makes Hillier suspicious. At dinner he suddenly addresses Sylvia by her proper name—and she answers to it.

Then he learns that his wife's hair is tawny-gold—Valerie's was dark.

THE LAST HOPE.

AS Lucy brushed out the long, crisp strands of her mistress's hair she watched, as she was fond of doing, the countess without overstepping a well-trained servant's decorum, her mistress's beautiful dowdiness face.

The country girl liked to watch the changes of expression that flashed across it, to assign—for she had something of a child's ability of creating a drama from the most slender material—reasons for them.

To-night Lady Hillier's face was so tired as to be almost devoid of expression. She had been in the country town all day engaged on business, and had not been home more than twenty minutes. Sir John had dined alone.

Then, as she looked, the girl saw a startled look light up the white face, like the flashing of lamps behind dark windows.

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

"Stop! Lucy, what's that? Is it a car?" Mistress and maid paused, listening.

"Yes, my lady. It's a car going down the drive, I think."

A car—going down the avenue. Look out and see—on the dressing-room window. Oh, quickly, girl, quickly. The car won't wait for you—

Sylvia's nerves were on edge. The maid had never heard her speak in such a tone. She was a little aggrieved and hurried as she hurried into the adjoining room.

Sylvia stood motionless by the dressing table, her hair tumbling over her shoulders, waiting. In the simple white dressing wrap she looked like a troubled and rather frightened child.

Who could be leaving the house at this hour? She had been told of no visitor when she came home.

She was filled with intangible fears. Something had happened since last night. . . . something that had changed Jack. There was no outward change—the could not have brought forward even the most shadowy proof, but she knew, Jack was changed. He was, if not angry with her, not pleased. . . . There was a shadow between them.

Her thoughts flew to the only known enemy she possessed—Stanhope Lane.

Had Lane come during her absence. . . . had Jack known of his coming. . . . was that the reason for the change?

It was a terrible thought. For so many hours, leading her with all manner of trivial commissions in the little town fifteen miles away!

It is one of the house cars, m'lord. Shelton is driving. I remember now, I did hear Mr. Johnson telephone down to the garage that a car would be wanted—

"Thank you, that is all I wanted to know. Please finish my hair, Lucy—just bundle it up anyway—I won't dress to-night, I'm too tired. Put out a tea-gown—the grey one; yes, that will do."

Snatching a look at her mistress's face in the glass, Lucy surprised an expression upon it which she could not understand.

Only, very poignantly she was aware that her mistress was sad. A chill crept over her own spirit.

It was only about a quarter of an hour later that Sylvia went downstairs. Sir John was in the library, the butler told her, and had given orders that he was not to be disturbed. Dr. Marzoff!

"Dr. Marzoff!" Sylvia could not check the exclamation of surprise that rose to her lips. She stared at the butler for a second, and the old man looked back at her, as though he shared in her apprehension.

Hodson had grown grey in the service of the masters of Greyskirk, and for the present one he felt a stirring of affection that was more than merely traditional.

"Yes, my lady."

He shook his head as he watched his mistress turn down the long corridor that separated the library from the older and central portion of the vast house.

Sylvia's heart was beating unevenly as she went. Her fears began to take new shapes. What had happened to Jack. . . . why had the oculist come—almost by stealth, as it were? Had Jack wired for him?

Torturing herself by a thousand suppositions, after her way, when in a fraction of time she must know the truth.

"Jack!" . . . As she entered the library she found the long room in darkness, save for the faint glow of the wood fire that had burned low on the hearth.

"Here I am. Is the room in darkness? I suppose so. Switch on a light for yourself as you come. Have you got back, Valerie?"

Yes, since I am here," she said.

His tone, her most unexpected, unexpectedly to herself, into an almost defiant mood. Why had he not risen on her entrance and come to meet her? Why had he not come to her room, as he usually did, the moment he heard of her return?

She switched on a light near the fireplace, and in the swift glow of electric candles she saw him sitting in a deep chair, huddled, as she had not seen him huddled since those first days in India, still in morning dress.

All her selfish fears fled at the sight of his abject dejection.

Jack, my dear, what has happened?" she was on her knees by his chair, her arms about him, before he was aware of the nature of her movement, before he could evade the embrace.

"Nothing very much. Why such a tragic tone?"

"Tragic!" She forced herself to laugh, feeling once again, in spite of herself, her woman's mood in subtle antagonism to his own.

She had let her heart rush out to him on the bath of those few commonplace words. It was herself that she had given to him in that swift embrace. . . . and he spoke to her jestingly, as he might have spoken to an emotional schoolgirl.

"I don't know. Your attitude inclines to the tragic." With an effort she mastered her mood, spoke naturally. "And—Dr. Marzoff has been here—unexpectedly, surely. Jack, don't tease me."

"A great deal—that is his way," Hillier said. "He has a tremendous vocabulary. I envy it. He is a finished platitudinarian as well as a first-rate oculist."

"Jack! What did he say? I insist upon knowing."

Sylvia's voice rang out sharply. The shadow she had dreaded—Lane, or even Sir George Clair—had vanished utterly. Everything was for-

gotten save that this was her husband, the man she loved, and that his happiness—his high hopes—were trembling in the balance.

Hillier straightened himself in the deep chair. He saw that the face that shined beneath the bandages was grey and drawn.

"He said a vast amount that I cannot, even for you, Valerie, repeat. But the main gist of it was that the whole thing has been in the nature of a gigantic frost."

He rose abruptly from the depths of the chair. He could not have borne the touch of her arms at that moment. Her nearness had the power to stir him still, knowing her for the woman she was—a creature compounded of lies. The memory of what had been between them in those first days of her coming to India had still the power to rise up intoxicatingly, stifling his honour.

"Jack, oh, Jack!"

Now, as always, just that cry of his name that must reach his ears it seemed to him, even when they were closed in death.

"Oh—h." A little cry broke from her. "You can't mean that he said that the operation had failed—that you will never regain your sight? Jack, he couldn't do it—he couldn't raise your hopes and play with them only to dash them into the dust again!"

Hillier laughed bitterly.

"My dear Valerie—are you such a child as to believe that I can be any limit to what men and women will do when their own advantage is to be served?" he asked.

Sylvia stood looking at him with a stricken face. Absolutely silent under this blow.

Was it her fault? She was asking herself. Had her desires, her fierce, ungovernable hopes, vile and selfish as they were, had the power to wreck this awful damage. . . . the utter wreckage of all Jack's high hopes.

Then, as she stood there, all her heart in those wide grey eyes, could he have but seen them—love wounded and stricken. . . . he turned on her with an almost brutal abruptness.

"You're very silent? Have you nothing whatever to say? 'Tis my soul, and not for the first time in the whole black business, I could swear that you didn't wish me to recover. That you'd prefer to keep me—a blind dog to trot docilely at your heels."

AT THE CROSS ROADS.

It was a bad break. Hillier realised this almost as the bitter words were uttered. Had he roused fears and suspicions in this

woman? That was the last thing in the world that he desired to do.

During the long hours while she had been absent on the carefully improvised business in West Hailes, Hillier's thoughts had been very busy. He had planned his campaign. He had weighed Sylvia in the balance and had found her wanting.

That is to say, he had endeavoured to view the matter absolutely impartially. He had placed every extenuating circumstance that he could conceive to her credit. They were not many. . . . what in India he had believed to be selflessness and a marvellous devotion—Valerie's response to the cry of the lover robbed suddenly by fate of all those things that had ever been in his power to offer her—seemed to him now merely to have been part of an elaborate and callous plan.

The sisters must have been in collusion. . . . Valerie, as well as Sylvia, had tricked him. It seemed the only sane conclusion, and yet. . . . there were strange discrepancies in the chain of his reasoning. Sylvia's undoubted agitation at the coming of her sister. The mystery that had shrouded that coming. . . . a certain strangeness in the attitude of Valerie even whilst she posed as Sylvia.

Hillier had shrunk back in loathing from his task of probing into the mystery. It was ugly, ugly beyond words. All sorts of fears and thoughts were stirring in it, like writhing, crawling things.

He would give Sylvia the chance to tell him the truth herself, that had been his ultimate conclusion. He would lead her back, step by step, to the very day when she had decided to come out to India. . . . so tenderly, so subtly that she would never for a moment suspect the truth.

And now his bitterness, surging up within him in spite of this, had no doubt put her on her guard. The whole thing was so unutterably hateful to him. . . . a groan escaped him as he turned away.

"Jack. . . ." His words had been like a blow in the face to her, yet, strangely enough in this moment of tension, they roused no feelings save that of wounded love in Sylvia's heart.

"Oh, my dear. . . . there is nothing to say. I can't hurt you with foolish words of sympathy. What can sympathy do? What can I do? I only know that I hate that man with his foolish, blatant lies. . . . it's worse than the first blow; far, far worse."

In spite of himself, there was something in her voice that thrilled him. So, yesterday he would unhesitatingly have sworn this, only a woman who loved a man could speak.

But no woman who loved a man could have fooled him as she had fooled him. A thought rose in his mind, strangely at that moment, a thought of the night that Anthony Henderson had come—the night of Valerie's death—and spoken of the voices he had heard on the Magalla road, the voices of women who quarrelled.

(Continued on page 13.)

EXACTLY OPPOSITE BOND STREET

HANAN-GINGELL

SHOE COMPANY, LTD.,

328 TO 332, OXFORD ST., W.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. COMMENCES THIS DAY

Charming Opera Slipper.
In Black or Brown Willow Cat, Perforated as Illustrated.
Suede and Glace Kid, but with flat bow.

Reduced to **9/11**

Fine Country Shoe.
In Black or Brown Willow Cat, Perforated as Illustrated.
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For Winter Wear.
Patent Leather Blucher-Cut Lace Boots.
Kid Tops, Welted Soles, Cuban Heels.

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Extra High Cut, Double Sole, Wide Welts, Smart Medium Toe, Suitable for Golf and all kinds of country wear.

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SPECIAL MILITARY BOOT for TERRITORIALS.
In Black or Brown Oil Grain Leather. Stout Double Sole. Most Durable and Comfortable Boot. Leather Lined.

Reduced to **22/-**

Usual Price 21/- Sale Price 15/9

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Col. Satterthwaite.

'The House' Reopens

I should imagine one of the happiest men to-day is Colonel Edward Satterthwaite, Secretary of the Stock Exchange. For five months he must have been harassed night and day, so to speak, with inquiries. The

closing of the Stock Exchange has not meant holiday for him, particularly as he is one of the assistant directors of the Territorial Force at the War Office. The reopening of "The House" to-day may bring him yet more work, but not of an unwelcome kind.

Serves an Autocratic Body.

Colonel Satterthwaite was an old Volunteer, and wears, as well as the C.B., the Volunteer decoration. He was for some time brigade commander of the Kent Infantry Brigade. In fact, he comes of Volunteer stock, for his father was Major Clement Satterthwaite, of the 1st Kent Rifle Volunteers. The committee which Colonel Satterthwaite serves is one of the most autocratic in the land; it works behind double glass windows, so that, as the frivolous say, no unseemly noises may escape, and it has absolute powers over members of the Stock Exchange.

From Frolic to Tragedy.

It is a curious fact that two of London's centres of pleasure in peace times—Olympia and Earl's Court Exhibition—should be now the two places in London where the grimness of war is most apparent. Olympia is a prison for Germans, Earl's Court a home for Belgian refugees. At the latter the pathetic contrast is the greater. I walked through the grounds on Saturday and it seemed impossible to picture the gay and irresponsible scenes one has known there, now that its denizens are sad-eyed folk driven from their homes by German guns.

Water Chute Wash-Tubs.

And it is good to see that many of the things that served us so well for pleasure are proving as serviceable for use. The water chute, for instance. The big lake into which we used to splash so merrily now serves as a washing place, and the chute flat-bottomed boats in which boisterous crews of laughing holiday-makers used to dash at headlong speed towards the water are now wash-tubs, in which Belgian mothers scrub their children's clothes.

"Some" Keeness.

What do you think of this for keeness? Many of you may have known Nelson Hardy, who used to amuse us from the stage as a ventriloquist. You will not find his name on programmes just now, for he is Sergeant Nelson Hardy, of A Squadron, 19th Hussars. He was fifty-four years old and an old soldier when the war broke out, but he "heard the call," and back he went as a private. "I am glad my health and physique made me capable," he wrote me on Saturday. "I felt a bit stiff after my first few rides—thirty-two years out of the saddle is a long time."

A Long Link.

Nelson Hardy enlisted in 1878 and left the Army in 1883. He re-enlisted last September, but he hadn't forgotten much, for they made him a sergeant very soon afterwards, and he says despite his age he is quite comfortable and proud to be helping his country. He tells me, too, that his father was a soldier, who enlisted in 1838, so that seventy-six years elapsed between his father's and his own enlistments. Surely a record.

Soldiers Afraid of Ghosts.

One of the reasons why the Austrian peasant on the Eastern frontier makes a bad soldier is that he is horribly afraid of the night and its ghostly inhabitants. The local superstition is that a man meeting with a violent death becomes a vampire and sucks away the life-blood of his living companions. In addition to this rather unpleasant belief, the peasants are firmly convinced that wizards can render them unconscious, and all this has a somewhat depressing effect on men who have never much come into contact with civilisation.

A Book Called "Copperfield."

"I like the show at His Majesty's," said the Sweet Young Thing to another Sweet Young Thing in the Putney bus on Saturday night, "and I'm sure it's going to be a success. They've brought the play out in book form."

Shave—Hair or No Hair.

An old martinet of a sergeant, who has not missed his daily shave for twenty years and is now helping to train Kitchener's men, came on to parade the other morning and, after a comprehensive glance at the men before him, went up to the youngest recruit and asked: "Shaved this morning?" "No, sergeant, I don't need to yet," was the answer. "What!" roared the sergeant; "remember this, my son: when you join the Army you shave every morning, and if you ain't got nothing to shave you must go through the motions till you 'ave."

Board Meeting in the Trenches.

Messrs. Roberts, Wright and Company, the well-known accountants, send me an account of what must have been one of the most unusual board meetings ever held. It took place somewhere in France on December 24. "All the directors of Vacher and Sons, Ltd., the well-known parliamentary printers, of Westminster, are in the trenches, and," write the accountants, "we recently sent the chairman, Captain Stanley Low, a résumé of the company's accounts for the past year."

Business as Usual.

"We have just received the following amusing minute, duly signed by Captains Low and Cox, of the Queen's Westminsters, the third director—a captain in the London Scottish—not being present:—

"A meeting of the directors of Vacher and Sons, Ltd., was held in a 'dug-out' in the trenches on December 24, 1914. Present: Captain Stanley Low, Captain Geoffrey Cox. "The accounts received from the company's auditors for the financial year ended September 30, 1914, were considered and approved subject to confirmation at the general meeting of the company. "The directors present regretted the absence of their colleague, Captain Claude Low, whose whereabouts at the front is unknown to them. "There being no other business to transact, the meeting closed with a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman. (Signed) Stanley Low, Geoffrey Cox." That's what I call carrying on business as usual.

Give the Girls a Good Impression.

A soldierman was telling me yesterday that one of the most remarkable things about "Tommy" at the front is his determination to look fresh whenever any stranger, particularly a pretty girl, is looking on. "Even after a long march, when the 'Tommys' were 'as dead as haddock,' if, going through a village, they passed a comely female figure, they would forget all about their fatigue and go by alert and smiling," he said.

Tired—Not They.

It is just the same with the "piousness," the French soldiers. After a twenty-mile march on a dark night, the men of a certain company arrived in a village utterly worn out. They were preparing for a grateful rest, when the order came to start off on the road again in the direction of the enemy. The men began to grumble. But the captain knew how to deal with them. Going into the village, he brought out the two best-looking girls, got them to promise to look their best, and then went back and told the soldiers that a couple of pretty "demoiselles" were coming to offer them a drop of brandy.

Wily Captain.

Immediately every man in the company started shaving, brushing and polishing, and when the girls, going round with the "tot," asked if they were tired the gallant "piousness" laughed at the idea. They left the village with their heads erect and stepping it out proudly, and in an engagement with the enemy a few hours later they bore themselves with such conspicuous bravery that the artful captain and his company were mentioned in the order of the day.

Nearly 800.

We climb slowly but surely towards the thousand footfalls. The total stands now at 783, and 740 have already been dispatched. The surplus forty-three will have been dispatched by to-night, and I still want more. Send them along, please, and help to amuse "Tommy" in those rare moments of leisure which he is able to enjoy.

Belgian "Tommys" Want Ono.

I have even had an application for a football from the Belgian Army. One of our gallant Belgian Allies, with a machine gun company of the 19th Brigade of the Belgian Army, writes me from "The front in Belgian Flanders," saying that he has read that we are sending footballs to the British soldiers, and he asks on behalf of his "compagnie" if we could send him a ball. "In this manner we shall be able to train ourselves for the future battles with the 'Boches,'" he adds.

Mystery Spot of Europe.

One of the few mystery spots in Europe remaining hidden from the rest of the world is the Bukovina, the Austrian duchy in the Carpathians, where vigorous fighting has been taking place during the week-end. It is very fascinating country, peopled, as is the way in Austria, with folk speaking almost every language under the sun and adhering to almost every known faith. A long holiday spent in the Bukovina gave me an almost endless store of stories about wizards, witches and vampires, belief in which is practically universal there.

When the Irish Came.

Although hardly a hundred Englishmen have visited the Bukovina in the last quarter of a century, everyone there knows all about Ireland. If you want a warm welcome from the Bukovina peasant just say your name is Pat Murphy, and he will give you meat and drink and a warm welcome. For the Irish once came to the Bukovina, and very popular they were, too. In a small way it was quite an invasion, but much more peaceful than the one that's taking place to-day.

Ruled the Roost at Once.

It was in the middle of last century when the Lemberg-Czernowitz Railway was being built and local labour was not considered good enough for railway work. Some 800 Irish workers and foremen were imported, making the outskirts of the pretty town of Czernowitz their headquarters. Pat was a revelation to the rather stolid Galician labourer used to pretty bad treatment and worse food, and ruled the roost at once.

Oray of Fighting.

The Irish insisted on eating meat three times a day—a thing unknown even to comparatively wealthy people—insisted on much drinking, and even, it was whispered, on kissing the local girls. When they simply could not help fighting. When they finished work on Saturday they began to fight and kept it up until Monday morning. But the curious thing is that the Irish were immensely popular.

Lord Ednam.

One of the first "notable majorities" of the year is that of Lord Ednam, Lord Dudley's son and heir, whose twenty-first birthday is on January 30 next.

Lord Ednam has been for four years past a second-lieutenant in the Worcestershire Yeomanry, his father's regiment, and was gazzetted only a few days since to the 10th Hussars. He is fond of most kinds of sport, is a good rider, a fair oarsman, and a high-spirited young man, as his father was in his youthful days.

A Pious Fraud.

When leaving Eton Lord Dudley practised a pious fraud on his mother. It was then the custom for peers' sons to get a large book, on the fly-leaf of which was a Latin inscription. Lord Dudley took his home in high glee, and intimated that the reason for its size was that it might be regarded as the equivalent of the prizes which he had not got. Lady Dudley believed the story, and used to show the book with maternal pride until someone translated the inscription for her benefit and enlightened her.

A War Revival.

A woman friend tells me that a very old fashion has been revived by the war in the form of the black satin apron edged with black lace that even the most aristocratic of dames used to wear in the house in our great-grandmothers' days. Now, after years, it has been revived as a result of women wanting a pocket in which to hold the now ubiquitous knitting ball.

Unlucky 13.

Those who love omens may gain much interesting reflection from the fact that the number of the derailed engine in the Great Eastern Railway smash last week was 1813. Not only is there a fatal 13 in the number, but 1+8+1+3=13. THE RAMBLER.



Lord Ednam.

Debenham & Freebody's

Commences To-day SALE For Twelve Days only.



New Spring Suits.
In rich Japanese and best quality
quality suiting serge,
collar of velvet, and
deep hand, broad
brilliant.
59/6
Special Price

100 Tailor Suits, all different
collar designs and best quality
serges, tweeds and velveteens,
of which the sketch is a typical
example. Original prices 81/6
to 91/6.
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Dainty Nightdresses
in rich Japanese and
Empire design, hand-
made, finished
facings and
cotton ...
15/9
Can be made 8/11.

About 250 Dainty Tea Frocks in silk, Brocade, Crepe de Chine, Charmeuse, etc. Some trimmed fur, as sketch, to be cleared
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15,000
DRESS LENGTHS
OF HAND-WOVEN
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FOR **4/3** EACH
8 YARDS LONG, 27 INCHES WIDE
WOVEN IN JAPAN, AND DYED
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REDFERN

To-day, MONDAY, Jan. 4th, we shall dispose of our collection of MODEL GOWNS from our PARIS & LONDON HOUSES at unusually reduced prices. Owing to the prevailing unhappy circumstances, goods will be marked at prices unprecedented in former years.

TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES, AFTERNOON AND MILLINERY AND FURS, EVENING GOWNS.
Furs a Speciality.

26, CONDUIT STREET, W.

Thursday Next, JANUARY 7
Is the Opening Day
of Our Great

WINTER SALE

Here are just two Bargains out of the thousands on offer.



Charming Tweed Costumes, with belted coat, cloth collar and pipings to match. Skirt gathered back with belt. In Grey, Green and Fawn Mixtures. Extraordinary value.

Exceedingly well-cut Costumes in Heather Mixture, quite plain. Sold at value. Usually 45/11, 29/11

Sale Price
Special Window Show Next Wednesday.

ARDING & HOBBS, Ltd.
CLAPHAM JUNCTION, S.W.

Telephone: BATTERSEA 4.

BISCUITS FOR THE ST. PAUL'S PIGEONS.



Feeding the pigeons outside St. Paul's Cathedral yesterday. The children attending the intercession service did not forget to bring biscuits for the birds, which flocked round the worshippers as they left the building.

The Two Letters.

(Continued from page 11.)

The sisters had been quarrelling over the prey in that moment. . . . Perhaps Henderson had even known that, and had laughed in his sleeve at the blind fool. Henderson, who was a man of the world, could not have failed to notice the extraordinary difference in the ages of the women. . . . He had once or twice spoken of Valerie to him, as men will speak of the women they love when they are thrown together incessantly through long hours in some desolate outpost of Empire.

The thought hardened him. He turned to her again. His voice was very tender when he spoke.

"Valerie, my dear old girl," he held out his hand towards her and felt her nestle close against him with that familiar little sigh, like the sigh of a tired child, "have I treated you like a brute? Forgive me. . . . I know you do, because you understand."

He sank back in the chair again, and she crouched against him, by his knees, on the floor. "The second blow," he repeated. "Yes, there is the tragedy. Tell me, Valerie, in London—at first when you heard from Seton—what was your immediate thought? Quite honestly. We've never talked of this—odd, isn't it, how between people who love each other, even as much as we do, there can be huge tracts of silence. . . . things that are never mentioned. . . . whole sealed episodes in the lives of each."

He felt a little quiver run through the girl beside him. She did not speak. But she would speak. A curious womanish instinct warned him not to interrupt her thoughts. . . . say a word that might disturb her in the web she was weaving in that strange, clever little brain of hers.

Sylvia pressed her hand against her eyes. What was she to do? What should she say? For once impulse failed to guide her. She was conscious, as one is conscious only once in a lifetime, perhaps, of standing hesitating at two diverging ways.

Now, it might be possible to tell the truth. . . . in this moment of his disillusion. Now, when once again he must depend so utterly upon her, she might tell the truth and trust herself to his mercy, because he knew that she loved him.

And yet. . . if this danger were passed, if never again need she fear the revelation that sight would have given to him, need she take the risk—the awful risk?

She pressed more closely against him, and Hillier sat, silent, waiting. . . .

There will be another long instalment to-morrow.

MILLION PRISONERS OF WAR.

PARIS, Jan. 2.—The Geneva correspondent of the Temps says that recent calculations give the number of prisoners of war at present as 1,179,800. Of these the Allies have 604,200, while the enemy claim to hold 575,600.

The German figures should be taken with caution, as they probably include a large number of prisoners made from the population of the invaded territory.—Central News.

PAPER THAT ENTERS THE HOME.

OUT of the twenty-two columns of to-day's Daily Mirror reserved for advertisements no fewer than eighteen are devoted to drapers' sale announcements. This illustrates the value of our columns to those who wish to reach the housewife.

"ON 'CHANGE" AGAIN.

Stock Exchange to Reopen Its Doors To-day
—Drastic Regulations.

The doors of the Stock Exchange will be reopened this morning.

Drastic regulations have been drawn up for the conduct of business, which will be under strict official supervision and Treasury control. There will be no foreign selling from enemy sources, however much concealed.

Everybody must show that he has for sale that which he proposes to sell.

There will be no speculative attacks to satisfy the greed of the unpatriotic, or even sales to satisfy the panic-stricken greed and the hoarding proclivities of others.

The undesirable alien will be excluded from the house, and mere naturalisation for business reasons will not secure his admission.

The Committee imposes extended lists of minimum prices, below which business will not be done.

It is understood furthermore that the Treasury is devising means to prevent grasping or unpatriotic outside firms or institutions from doing what the Stock Exchange may not do.

The doors of the London Stock Exchange open at 10.45 a.m. and business will be permitted from eleven o'clock till three.

The leading provincial exchanges also re-open to-day.

HOTEL DRAMA OF NEW YEAR'S DAY.

That he had shot himself in the drawing-room of a hotel at Worthing on New Year's Day, after firing a revolver at a married woman, was stated of George Dudley Bates, merchant, from Salisbury, Rhodesia, at the inquest held on deceased on Saturday at Worthing. A verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity was returned.

Miss May Williams, of Rosemount Farm, Marden, Kent, giving evidence of identification, said she had known deceased seven years and had care of his two sons. Deceased had been at witness and a married woman formed a party staying at the hotel.

The Coroner: Is the married woman a old friend?

Witness: I only know what she said. That was that they met at Salisbury ten months ago.

Coroner: Did she return to England with him?

Witness: Yes.

Witness added that on Friday the married woman, after she had been shot, said to witness, "He asked me if I was going to live with him, and I said 'No.' He immediately shot me."

HOSTESSES IN A FIX.

Serious social difficulties have been created in Washington, says a Reuter telegram, as a result of the war. Leaders of society find it hard to conduct the social affairs of the capital on a strictly neutral basis, and without causing bitterness and petty jealousies between representatives of the various nations at war.

The problems in the way of entertaining the diplomats of the countries in the conflict are responsible in large degree for the curtailment of Washington's society life during the present season. The situation has caused a division of society leaders between the Allies and their enemies, different hostesses adopting different sides and entertaining only the partisans of their own faction.



atime
offers
you this

A Dainty Testing
Outfit of five
Oatine preparations,
containing
trial tins of Oatine
Cream and Snow, a
full-size 3d. tablet of
Soap, a 2d. packet of
Shampoo, Powder,
a sample packet of Face
Powder, and a 5d. page
book on the complexion, en-
titled "Beauty and Health."
This Outfit is sent free to all
sending name and address
and 3d. in stamps (d. stamps preferred) to help
pay cost of postage and
packing.

SEND FOR IT TO-DAY

and make the following test of Oatine. Wash and dry the face in the ordinary way, then, after applying a little Oatine, wipe the face gently but firmly with a soft towel, when particles of black will be found on the towel, showing that Oatine brings away dirt and grime from the pores which soap and water quite fail to remove.

Remember, no other face cream can feed the skin and do this, hence the success of Oatine, which, being free from animal fat, cannot grow hair.

Oatine is sold by all chemists and is supplied in two varieties—Oatine Cream, 1s. 1d., for cleansing the pores and feeding the skin, and Oatine Snow, 1s., for whitening the skin and for use during the day as a protection from exposure.

THE OATINE CO.
116, OATINE BUILDINGS, BOROUGH, LONDON, S.E.

ECONOMISE! ECONOMISE!! NEW HATS for OLD

Economy is sometimes distressing. WE make it a pleasure to ladies.
OLD BEAVERS, FELTS & VELOURS, RENO VATED, RE-SHAPED & DYED BLACK (if desired)

EQUAL TO NEW
FROM **1/-** to **2/6**

Stitch your name and address freely to your hat and it up, send it to us and we will forward it to you. Our Latest List of Shapes, for you to select from. We shall also advise you to re-model YOUR Hat.

We guarantee to deliver your hat within 7 days after receiving your instructions—probably sooner.

We are receiving hundreds of testimonials from satisfied customers. We feel sure YOU will be equally delighted.

ONLY ADDRESS—
HATS SUPPLY CO.,
83, Cardigan Street, Luton, Beds.

W. J. HARRIS & CO., Ltd.

The MASCOT. Complete with Apron **45/-**

Wired-on Tyres, Carriage Paid, Crime Proof.

No extras when you order.

All kinds on Easy Terms.

Catalogue No. 1 Post Free.

51, RYE LANE, LONDON, S.E.

And Numerous Branches.

"THE CURRAN" FUR CUIRASS

No Hooks or Byles, simply Two Tapes to fasten at one side.

Patent applied for. Recognised by Military Experts as the ideal garment for our weather-exposed Soldiers and Sailors. Very suitable for Motorists, Special Constables, or Children. Entirely covers the back, chest, stomach, and shoulders, thus safeguarding the wearer from winter's icy blast.

and dangers arising from chills, &c.

Made by Expert Fur Workers from Warm, Comfortable, Soft, Chinese Grey Kid and Sable, and other Real Furs, lined throughout with good woolen cloth, fitted with useful pocket accessible from either side.

Each Carriage Paid 10/- Cash with Order.

Money refunded if not fully approved. Special quotations for large quantities.

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J. A. CURRAN, FURRIER,

86 & 87, CHISWELL ST., LONDON, E.C.

Prices on Earth! The Leeds Bargain Co., (Dept. H), 5, Richmond Rd., Leeds

Monday, January 4, 1915.

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

DO YOU KNOW

that the most acceptable Gift you can send to your soldier friend at the Front or to your friend Overseas is the TO-DAY from your Newsagent for 3d., or subscribe as follows:—

Post free, to Canada, for 6 months, 10/-; elsewhere abroad, 15/- (prepaid). Address—Manager, "Overseas Daily Mirror," 23-29, Bouverie St., London, E.C.

LARKHILL-ON-MUD: CANADIANS' TASTE OF THE ENGLISH CLIMATE.



Officers wade ankle-deep in mud.



The motor-car stuck and had to be pulled along by horses.



The men march for miles through mud.

"England is a small island composed entirely of mud" is the impression which the Canadian soldiers encamped at Larkhill must have had forced upon them. Their re-



The roads in many cases are flooded.

marks about our climate are not complimentary, and they now know why the poet wrote: "The rain it raineth every day."

HUNS' SAVAGE SENTENCE ON BRITISH SOLDIER: AMERICAN INTERVENTION.



Private William Lonsdale.



Lonsdale's little children.



Mrs. Lonsdale.

The American Ambassador at Berlin has been asked to intervene on behalf of Private Lonsdale, of Leeds, who has been sentenced to death in Germany for assaulting a guard

at the prisoners' camp at Doeberitz. This vindictive sentence is the outcome of the doctrine of hatred preached by German professors.

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